

STOPOVER

By HANS TITTEL

The author was born in 1907 on a farm in the Erzgebirge in Germany. His father fell in the Great War. After helping his mother on the farm during and after the war, he became a carpenter and moved to the city. This is one of his first published stories.



WHEN the vans went round a curve in the road, the glaring whitewash on the trees lit up for a few seconds and a streak of meadow or field flashed by. The headlights bit milky holes into the night, groping ahead and sweeping over the highway. Sometimes it was asphalt, sometimes gravel; sometimes the wheels rumbled over the cobbles of a sleeping market town, and houses closed in on both sides looking like a stage setting.

The driver gripped the wheel with his hands. Big, heavy hands with black cuts and furrows. That came from the oil. And the tar. The driver's seat trembled. Those damned holes in the road. Bound to have some breakage in those two cases of glass. What was that squeaking? Must be the trailer. Paul ought to grease that axle. Hot fumes came rising from the motor. They made you sleepy. But you had to stay awake. A fiery pair of eyes lit up around the curve, casting bright cones onto the highway. Why the hell didn't that fellow dim his lights? The driver wrenched his wheel and brought his vans onto the outermost right edge of the road. The fiery eyes came dashing up, suddenly turned dim, a hissing—gone. The road was endless. The milestones were like beads on a string. Yellow place names appeared and were swallowed up by the darkness. The driver did not look at them. It was always the same route, from west to east and from east back to the west. Sometimes a detour to the north or south. Everywhere it was the same road, everywhere there were trees along the highway, everywhere the yellow place names. And you were always on the move. Sometimes with a freight of glass, sometimes with furniture. The driver yawned.

The indicator on the fuel gauge was pretty low. He'd have to fill up soon. The driver pushed back his cap. A strand of hair fell over his forehead. He stared at the road, and his thoughts were as slow as his movements. I wonder whether there'll be a letter from Anna? He was hardly ever at home. You had to make money and save. For your own truck. One of those new high-speed trucks, that's what he'd like. You could make

money with those. Not like this great thing you sat on, day after day, for other people. But an express truck cost money. Perhaps he could get one cheap. There ought really to be a letter from Anna. Her brother had promised to let him know. They might get together. Alone would be better, of course. But his brother-in-law had some money in the savings bank.

A factory whistle wailed. The driver was startled. The heat in the cabin was enough to make you doze. He groped for his heavy nickle watch. Quarter to five.

Suddenly sidewalks appeared on both sides of the road. Building fences. Smokestacks. A factory wall on a field that was no longer a field. The dawn became more and more milky. Men on bicycles. A billboard: "Smoke Homas cigarettes!" Ash dumps, garden allotments, tram rails. Vegetable carts being drawn by nodding horses. A solitary tram whizzed by noisily. It was quite light. The driver switched off his headlights. The wheels rumbled between workmen's houses whose walls threw back the echo. A football field. More bicyclists. He had to sound his horn. The houses were getting higher, dirty gray in the early morning light, turned into rows of houses. Busses. Trams. The first traffic policeman was standing at a crossing, rubbing his hands. It was chilly. The driver turned right and left, passing under the tracks of the elevated. People were streaming down the stairs to the subway. Shop windows shone. Newsboys were being spewed out from a newspaper building. The eyes of the man on the driver's seat were swollen with fatigue. People, cars, bicycles. . . . Got to look out for traffic lights. The red arm of the indicator whipped out on one side. What a lousy surface. The driver leaned forward to look through the windscreen. Yes, there was the signboard: "Hotel Rome. Parking. Hot and cold meals at all hours."

The horn blared. The vans bounced through a shabby gateway into the yard. The motor stopped with a sigh. The fuel tank was almost empty. Just made it.

His companion jumped down from the trailer and slapped his arms across his chest. The bushy moustache in his red face was damp.

"Got a cigarette, Fred?" The driver scrambled down from his cabin. His left leg felt numb. You got that from sitting all the time. Fourteen hours at one go. He stamped his feet to get the blood moving, fumbled in his breast pocket, and fished out two cigarettes. "Here you are, Paul," he said hoarsely and flicked his thumb on his lighter. "You'd better have a look at that axle. Needs greasing."

They stamped across the yard into the lunchroom. Paul scratched the back of his head. "I'll drive 'em over to the warehouse," he mumbled. The driver nodded indifferently. It was all the same to him. He leaned his head on his arms. His fair hair hung untidily over his face. His broad shoulders were slightly hunched. He yawned. "I'm going to bed," he grunted. "Dog tired."

A staircase. A door. The floorboards creaked. The driver drew the curtains shut. On the washstand he found a glass. He filled it with water. Tasted stale, ugh. He sank down onto the mattress. The motor hummed and the road was endless, and the indicator glowed red like a long narrow tongue. But he was already asleep.

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THE suitcase the girl carried looked provincial.

The caretaker's wife screwed up her eyes. Look at her clothes, too! A cheap little rag of a dress. The coat was at least two years old, that was obvious. "Are you looking for somebody?" she asked, leaning her mop against the wall and wiping her stubby fingers on her apron. The girl turned around. Not even pretty, thought the caretaker's wife. Oh well, a country bumpkin. Looked quite intelligent. But a raspberry-color dress, ye gods!

"Does a Mrs. Kirsten live here?"

The caretaker's wife frowned. Wasn't that the widow on the third floor? "I guess so," she said. "A relative of yours?"

The girl climbed up the stairs. There was a smell of cheap laundry soap. The caretaker's wife dipped her mop in the bucket. The girl came back again. "Nobody home?" The girl put down her suitcase.

"There now, I forgot," said the old woman suddenly. "She went off this morning. She'll hardly be back before evening. I guess you're in a fix."

The girl took off her gloves. The old woman noticed calluses on her finger tips. Typist, eh? "Want to leave the suitcase with me? You might as well have a look at the town."

"Thanks," said the girl. "It's too silly, isn't it? Well, I'll be back this evening." She carried her suitcase to the door of the caretaker's flat and left.



Funny feeling, all alone in a strange city like that. Cars honked past her. The asphalt shone, and light was reflected from the shop windows. The girl walked up the street, undecided. If only there were somebody she knew here. And tomorrow she would have to go back to her little town with its four streets and its market square and the cardboard factory and the office. What's a week's vacation? Busses rumbled past. Must be nice to spend all day riding in a bus like that. 'Why hadn't she written to her aunt? Crazy idea, to stop over here. Now the last day of her vacation was wasted. What was she to do? The streets were strange to her. The whole city was so awfully big and strange. A policeman at the corner signaled with his white gloves. A chain of trams. Everything in motion: on the ground, above the ground, under the ground. Everything was in a hurry. Nobody had any time. Music blared from an automat restaurant. The girl dug into her bag. A coin clicked into the brass slot. For that you could get a sandwich. She chewed meditatively, listened to the music, and left again.

The hands of the electric clock jerked on. Afternoon. The girl from the small town was still wandering through the streets. A street lamp flared up. Another one. A whole row. The asphalt shone as if polished. She was crushed by milling crowds. Department stores spewed out people, offices spewed out people; stations, trams, busses. Newsboys shouted the names of the evening papers. The girl got into the next tram. Anything to get out of this turmoil! Never mind where she went. It would all be over tomorrow.

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THE man in the bed stopped snoring. He yawned twice, then he stretched till his bones creaked. The room was twilit. He jumped up and drew back the curtains. There were trucks outside in the yard. Alfred shuffled over to the washbasin and stuck his head in the water. That felt good; he snorted, shook the drops out of his hair, and rubbed himself with a towel. The mirror was so dim you could hardly see yourself in it. Where had he left his comb? Alfred carefully parted his hair. Not so bad-looking, he thought. Thirty years old, six foot, and a face not like the back of a bus either. He grinned at his dim reflection and felt quite cheerful. He must have slept a long time. Needed it too, after that fourteen-hour run. While he was dressing, a bit awkwardly and clumsily, he remembered the letter he was expecting from Anna. He had told her he would be here today. He pulled on his cap and clattered down the stairs. Paul was standing at the

bar. "Well, everything all right?"

Paul swallowed his drink. "They'll be loaded up tomorrow morning. We're going first to Stettin and from there to Lübeck."

Alfred shrugged his shoulders. Another unexpected change. To hell with all trucking companies. But why should he care? When he had his own truck he wouldn't have to take orders where to go, damn it. He patted Paul's shoulder. "Okay. Don't forget to grease that axle. I'm going into town."

Outside, the street lights were already on. It got dark so early now. Alfred walked with long, swaying strides, as if he were still first mate on board the *Bertha Hinnerke*. Gosh, what a long time ago that was. He'd better hurry. The post office closed at six. He jumped onto the next bus. An illuminated clock flashed by. Twenty to six. "General post office!" called out the conductor. Before the bus had stopped, Alfred was on the street. Five more minutes. He looked for the right counter. Then he stood at the little window. "Anything for Alfred Burck?"

The clerk let his spectacles slip down from his forehead to his nose and picked up a pile of letters. "Here," he finally said. Alfred tore open the envelope. It was from Anna. He read and frowned. Of course, that was just like his brother-in-law. Scared. Didn't want to risk anything. And it was such a wonderful chance. Alfred crumpled up the letter and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Anna would have to try again. That brother-in-law . . . if only he could go ahead on his own . . . but he was still short of a few thousand. And his brother-in-law had those.

The letter had spoiled his good mood. How long was he to chase around in other people's trucks? Tomorrow morning off to Stettin, to Lübeck, anywhere—it was always the same. All he would ever be was a truck driver. Damn it all!

He walked straight on. Neon lights blazed. Billboards, electric bulbs, window dummies with frozen smiles, restaurants, motor horns, bells, hissing tires. What was the use of getting mad? Tomorrow would be another day. The city he didn't like would be behind him. And perhaps Anna would talk her brother into it after all. Sure. Alfred looked around. Quarter to seven. Hm. He was free till tomorrow morning. The crowds did not interest him. He marched on, straight ahead, through the light, through the city, without looking where he went. You were so seldom your own master. You were always tied to highways, timetables, destinations. But not today. Today you could do what you liked, go where you liked. Alfred decided to forget his brother-in-law. He whistled the latest hit, off key, but good and loud.

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A cloud of dust. Moving lights—thousands of lamps, hundreds of thousands of lamps. Ferris wheels turning. The scenic railway rattled up and down, swings swung back and forth. People, people, people. Screeching megaphones. Balloons, yellow, green, red. Calliopes pounded, whistled, and blared. Hot wieners. Clowns tumbling on a platform. Trained seals. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. The smell of frying hamburgers. Behind the scenic railway was a building plot. Behind that were garden allotments with tumbledown huts, behind them quietness and the open country. The fair ground did not belong there. It did not belong to the city either. It was no-man's-land.

The driver swallowed dust and wiped his forehead. Funny he should have landed here of all places. You can never tell where a city street will take you. He pushed his way through the crowd, thrusting forward his shoulders. That brother-in-law should be told off properly. Alfred was annoyed at himself. Why should he think of his brother-in-law? He didn't have to think at all till tomorrow morning.

He suddenly felt thirsty. That's right, he hadn't had anything to drink yet. He ordered a beer and then another one. Then he asked for a beef tea. Beer wasn't good for a truck driver. He stirred his cup. Alfred felt bored. He hastily gulped down the beef tea and paid. Why had he come here?

All the noise and crowd suddenly filled him with disgust. He slowly strolled along among the booths. The human stream carried him along. He came to a lottery booth. The wheel of fortune rattled. Alfred craned his neck. He was hemmed in by the crowd and could not move. He turned and bumped into someone with his elbow. "Sorry!"

The girl he had bumped did not answer. Alfred looked at the pieces of paper she was tearing up. "No luck, Miss?"

She dropped the pieces on the ground. "It's all a swindle," she said. Alfred shrugged his shoulders. "Shall I have a try for you?" He pushed up to the platform and bought three tickets. The girl smiled mockingly.

"Bet we're going to win!" he said. The wheel turned, the pointer whirled around and stopped at a number. "Twenty-three!" roared the announcer.

The girl uttered a little cry. "What did I say!" triumphed Alfred. "Here!" he called. A huge baby doll moved over the heads of the perspiring onlookers into his hand. Somebody cracked a joke. The girl blushed.

"Shall we go?" The girl carried the doll and laughed. He had to laugh too. Neither of them knew what to say. He looked down at her. She was smaller than Anna. Her hair did not show under her hat. Was she dark like Anna? A bit of her dress showed under

her coat. Raspberry, of all colors. "You're not from here, are you?" They pushed through the crowd. Alfred had to raise his voice; the noise swallowed up everything.

"Hm," murmured the girl. "Isn't it awful in a big city like this?"

He took the doll from her. "I wouldn't like to live here," he yelled through the tootling of the calliopes. Then they were suddenly in a tent, drinking coffee.

"You're not from here either?"

Alfred laid his cap on the table. "No," he replied. "I'm really from nowhere. I'm always on the move."

The girl had opened her coat. She was looking at him. "That must be grand," she said slowly. Tomorrow she would be going back to her office. How dull, this life without change, without adventure. "That must be grand," she repeated. "To be here today and somewhere else tomorrow . . ."

"I don't know," said Alfred. He remembered his brother-in-law again. If only one could find the money. Not to have to drive other people's trucks . . . Oh, hell. Who cared, anyway? He looked at the girl. Their eyes met. Both felt slightly embarrassed. Alfred beckoned a waitress and picked up his cap. "Shall we go on the scenic railway?"

The girl sprang up. "Let's!"

They pushed their way to the entrance. Alfred lifted her into one of the carriages. How light she was. She was breathing deeply, her eyes shone. The little carriage rolled along the rails, first straight, then up an incline, higher, higher, reached the top, tilted over, rushed down the other side. The girl screamed softly. Alfred beamed. At the next curve they were pressed together with a jolt. The girl had taken off her hat. Her hair fluttered in the wind. Another curve. Alfred put his arm around her shoulder, she did not resist. They rushed on and on. Alfred's big hand exuded warmth and security. The girl looked at him out of the corners of her eyes. The carriage slowed down and stopped. What a shame. Alfred lifted her out. Her hair was all untidy. She looked in her bag.

"I haven't got a comb," she sighed and looked up at him. He stared at her. She was quite pretty, after all. Like Anna. What the hell, Anna.

"But I've got one," he said. "Shall I comb your hair?"

"No. I can do that much better myself."

They walked off. He had taken her arm, and she was carrying her hat. Suddenly she stopped. "My goodness—the doll!"

Alfred laughed out loud. The laughter came from deep within him. "We'll win another one," he consoled her. They walked on in silence. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Elsie. And yours?"

"Alfred."

Their eyes met again, and Alfred felt annoyed that he blushed. "Want a balloon?" She picked one and tied it to a button of his coat. The calliopes blared; their noise mingled with that made by the announcers.

Suddenly it became quiet. They were on a path, and the ferris wheel was turning behind them. The tootling and hammering sounded muffled. They walked straight on, past a garbage dump. The sky was swept clear. The girl nodded up at the stars. "That's the Great Bear there."

A slight wind tugged at the balloon. "It wants to fly," murmured Alfred. She undid the string from his button, and the balloon rose up. They could not follow it with their eyes; it melted into the night, drifting somewhere.

"I wish I could fly like that too," said the girl pensively, more to herself. "Life is so monotonous." She closed her eyes. Tomorrow she was going back to her typewriter, to the files, the eternal sameness of the little town. "I'd like to be always on the move. Like you."

They were still walking straight on. A lonely light twinkled in the distance, beyond the dump. Alfred drew the girl close to him. He has good hands, she thought, strong hands. They walked in step. "I'm always at the wheel . . ." Alfred muttered, seeking for words. "And then you drive, a hundred miles, a thousand miles. You can never stop. The highway has no end. You must drive, nothing but drive . . ." He stroked her shoulder very gently. One ought to have one's own car and only drive when one felt like it. And a house. A garden with dahlias and sunflowers . . . He shook off his thoughts and would have liked to explain it to himself, something that bothered him, something he felt only vaguely. "There is always something one wishes for, you know," he said, and he meant it to sound gay.

"Everybody wants something else." The path became narrower, garden allotments appeared. "Always the opposite of what one's got." The wind blew her hair. A strand tickled his neck. She was so small. She barely reached up to his shoulder.

"Do you want to go home?" he asked. Then he remembered that both of them were not from the city, and took her hand.

"Tomorrow I'm going back," said Elsie.

A fence barred the way. Garden huts could be seen in outline against the sky. Alfred whistled through his teeth. They hesitated. No, the path stopped here.

"Shall we climb over?" Before she could answer he held her. "You are a flyweight," he said as he lifted her over the fence. He swung himself across. The wood creaked. They stumbled over sods and grass. Above, the Great Bear sparkled. It was very quiet. Where the sky met the earth there was a

dim glow. That was the city. The girl put her arms around his neck, close and warm. He felt her breath.

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HE lifted his head from her shoulder and sat up. The sky was paler, and the wind had become stronger. "Are you cold?"

She shook her head. They remained silent. He straightened out the coat that lay spread over them both.

"Have you got a watch?"

He did not look. "Must be past four o'clock."

She was playing with his hand. The man stared into the night. How had it all happened? He tried hard to think. But he found it difficult, he had never thought much about himself. The girl bent his fingers. "What big hands you have."

He looked up at the sky. There was nothing but the sky and himself and her. "I used to sail on ships," he said suddenly. "On many seas."

Elsie let go his hand. "Did you like it?" He did not answer. "How I envy you," the girl whispered. "You are always on the go." She also sat up and suddenly felt tired. She still had to fetch her suitcase. Her suitcase. . . . And then everything would be over.

Alfred turned up his collar. The wind was chilly. He wondered whether Paul had greased that axle. It gave him a start. In three or four hours he would be sitting at the wheel again. Always moving. He stroked her hair with his clumsy hand. How could he explain it? That he was fed up with being on the move all the time. He leaned toward her. She smiled. "Are you going to forget me?" she asked.

A tiny, almost invisible strip of light crept up the horizon. Alfred lowered his head. "No," he replied. How his thoughts whirled around in his brain. The truck . . . his brother-in-law . . . Anna . . . the girl there He frowned deeply. "We've got to go now."

But they did not get up. The girl leaned against his shoulder. Of course he would forget her. How else could it be? She thought of the cardboard factory. It all seemed so unreal. "Funny, the way we met," she said.

The strip on the horizon was growing. The stars had become pale. You could hardly make out the Great Bear. A clock struck in the distance. Alfred counted. "Five o'clock."

Did he love that girl? He didn't know. He knew nothing at all. He had never bothered his head about great problems. He knew motors and could drive a car. And he wished for this and that, like anybody else.

"You're married, aren't you?" He looked up, a little surprised and as if he had awoken from a dream. The girl sat with her arms around her knees. She was waiting for his reply. "Is she a good wife?"

Alfred sighed. You had to face facts. He would write to his brother-in-law himself. "A good wife," he repeated mechanically and would have liked to have said more. But what? She was a good wife, Anna. Sure. They got along all right. She looked after his things. She liked him. That was all.

The girl nudged him gently. "Look!" The whole horizon was in flames. They leaped up in red tongues, thrusting back the stars, the darkness, the night.

They got up and walked across the grass, toward the fence. "Don't bother," said Elsie when he wanted to lift her over. But he picked her up like a child and carefully set her down again on the other side. She looked back at him, and her eyes shone strangely. No, she wouldn't cry. He had his own life, quite different from hers. He had other wishes. And a wife. No use believing in miracles.

"Is my hat on straight?" He nodded.

The path wound its narrow way past the garbage dump. They walked beside each other, without speaking. Sometimes they looked at each other, only for a second. Mist was rising from the ground. "Chilly, isn't it?" Alfred muttered.

The fair ground lay gray and silent in the dawn. The booths were covered with tarpaulins. Everything was strange and dead, all glamour gone. The path got wider. A high-tension cable. Wires. Tracks.

They had to wait at the tram stop. They did not know what to talk about and felt awkward. All intimacy had dropped away from them. The girl stared down the long, barren suburban street. Her raspberry-colored dress showed a little below her coat. Was her hair dark? Alfred stole a sidelong look at her. Funny he didn't know. But he didn't like to ask her. She wasn't as pretty as Anna after all. Why did he think of Anna? He wanted to say something to the girl, something nice. But he could not find words. The tracks hummed softly. The yellow tram came purring up, slowed down, stopped. They got in. The conductor nodded to them. "Going to be a nice day," he remarked as he took their money and gave them their tickets.

Alfred stood with the girl on the platform. Trees. Houses. Tram stops. Two old women with baskets clambered panting up the steps. A skinny man who kept on wiping his glasses. Young people with brief cases under their arms. The traffic on the street grew more lively.

"I'll be writing you," said Alfred loudly, so that she could hear him over the rattling of the windows. She smiled. She was not going to cry. She did not want to make it difficult for him. "Yes," she swallowed.

Then they were silent again. The girl wanted to scream, say something. You could not leave each other just like that. The con-

ductor called out the name of a street. "I think I have to get out here," said Elsie, and her voice sounded quite natural, so natural that she was surprised herself. "Good-by."

She wouldn't see him again, she was sure of that, she would never see him again, she would be sitting in the cardboard factory, and everything would be over, she had to tell him, oh God, she had to. . . .

"Good-by," answered Alfred, and his eyes moved restlessly. It was all so strange. The girl nodded at him. She wasn't crying, was she? No, he must have been mistaken.

"I'll be writing you," he uttered hoarsely. Suddenly she was gone. Was he to jump off, run after her? He was gripped by a hot fear. He stared after her. What the devil was he to do? There was the red dress, why, he couldn't simply. . . .

The tram started with a jerk. Alfred pushed back his cap. Was he to jump off? No. It was too late already. A clock slid past. Six o'clock. The city was waking up. The tram screeched around a curve.

HIGHWAYS led north and south—gray ribbons. Sometimes gravel, sometimes asphalt. Rails crisscrossed the country, cutting it up like knives, and vanished toward the horizon. Trains rattled over the rails, trucks rumbled along the highways. Now and again they stopped, when they came to a station, but not for long. They had to move on.

Paul climbed into the brake cabin of the trailer,



and the driver screwed on the radiator cap. The man at the filling pump touched his cap with two fingers. Alfred got in, stepped on the accelerator, pressed the switch of the indicator, and a fiery red tongue whipped out. The wheels began to turn. Alfred gripped the wheel firmly.

The wheels rolled, and the countryside flew past the compartment window, while the suitcase trembled on the luggage rack. The girl Elsie pressed her lips together, and the train clattered over a switch. The little town with its four streets and the cardboard factory was the center of a spider's web. You could not get away from it. She pressed her body into the corner of the seat. No, he wouldn't write. He had to drive, and he had a wife who cared for him, and he was ambitious. Elsie did not sob. She sat there very quietly with wide, staring eyes.

The axle was still squeaking. He had to tell off Paul. Did the girl have dark hair? Hey, look out, you fool! Did he love her? Or had he only dreamed it all? Strange. He sounded his horn. Was that fellow in front deaf? The motor hummed, the yellow place names appeared and disappeared, the milestones were like beads on a string. Anna had to keep after her brother. Anna was a clever girl.

When he had his own truck one day

He glanced at a signpost: "To Stettin." Yes, he would write to the girl. No. What nonsense. Was Anna waiting for him? He changed gears. The motor hummed.

BOOK REVIEW

Das Andere Licht (The Other Light), by Otto Brühlmann. (Kreuzlingen, 1942. 132 pp.)

According to the author, certain empirical facts about the radiation of light, especially its constant speed in all systems of reference moving in relation to each other, place physical science in a logical quandary, a quandary from which there is only one way out: light is not a physical process at all, not an object, but the basis of physical perception. All scientific study is founded on seeing, and the scientist forms a "view" of the world, not a smell or taste of the world. This most important means of perception should be included in the sphere of scientific metaphysics and sharply distinguished from physics. Hence the reply given by the author to the question as to what is light is quite different from that given by physical science; for he proclaims the surprising theory that light is spirit ("Does none of my readers tremble at such a word?"). It seems questionable to us whether this in any way describes the essence of either light or spirit. Moreover, physical science has grown into a system of perceptions and knowledge so closely

interrelated that one cannot simply detach a part of this system as the author has deemed it necessary to do.—S.

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The Three Treasures and Other Stories for Children, by Akutagawa Ryunosuke, translated by Sasaki Takamasa. (Tokyo, 2604, The Hokusaido Press, 135 pp., Yen 2.00.)

In spite of the title, with its stress on the words "for children," and in spite of the fact that the translator states in his introduction that the book is for those boys and girls who are still in their teens, this reviewer, who has left his teens far behind, enjoyed every single one of the stories. The "Open Letter," addressed by the translator to the deceased author, in which he describes the joys and tribulations he experienced in translating these stories, puts one in the right mood. The charm exuded by the stories probably owes much to the *elan* of the translator's style. The excellent paper and printing and the attractive binding of the volume deserve special mention.